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V E R S E S 33

OCCASIONED

By the DEATH of the

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY,

Who died MARCH 29, 1788, aged EIGHTY.

By A FRIEND. K



L O N D O N:

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REV. CHARLES WESTLEY

Wentworth March 23, 1838, aged Eighty.



BY A. R. I. N. D. I.



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By the **D E A T H** of the

Rev. **CHARLES WESLEY.**

I.

AND is the Dear, the Faithful Pastor dead?
And is his happy Spirit swiftly fled?
So late with pain, and grief, and cares oppress,
So quickly entered into endless rest.
Where busy sin, and unbelief no more,
Shall trouble, vex, or wound as heretofore;
Where all old things are fully past away,
And darkness lost, in full meridian day.
The last, the important conflict, safely past,
And full fruition crowns his various toils at last.

II.

Yes, the divine celestial Poet's gone,
 To contemplate new worlds, before unknown,
 Or known but little, yet that little he,
 Convey'd to earth, in mystick poetry.
 A sacred peep he often did obtain,
 Where God, and Christ, and purest spirits reign.
 Tho' short the sight, yet faithful he'd bestow,
 The joyful tidings on his Friends below.
 " Believe, receive, his great Salvation free,
 " Who died for *all Mankind*, hath died for you and me!"

III.

To piety devoted from his youth,
 Yet when he saw reveal'd the hidden truth,
 To catch its healing virtues, swift he ran,
 And felt himself a fallen-risen man.
 He felt; and hence he knew what all *must* feel,
 And what he *knew*, he taught, and teaches still;
 And all who knew, and felt the genuine fire,
 Which did his heart, his lip, his life inspire,
 Must own in him, whilst they his steps pursue,
 An honest, able Teacher, faithful, just, and true.

IV.

Compassion fill'd his mild capacious breast,
 Divested of the proud, the haughty priest;

He

He felt the weakest brother's keenest woe,
 Slain or o'ertaken by the artful foe;
 Nor left them to the tyrant's cruel hate,
 Hopeless to wail their wretched, helpless state,
 But zealous, with indignant, vengeful ire,
 The burning brands pluck from the awful fire.
 Their advocate with purest zeal proclaim,
 And heal their desp'rate wounds, by Jesu's healing name.

V.

Th' incorrigible sinner to reclaim,
 The terrors of the law in artless strain,
 On their hard hearts, with serious care impress;
 Then point them where alone they could be blest.
 Their pardon gain'd, their pardon to secure,
 " Believe, hold out, and to the end endure ;
 " Nor vilely cast away the promis'd crown,
 " But with your bodies, lay your weapons down.
 " Fight well your battles, and the conquest win,
 " O'er unbelief, and self, and pride, and every sin.

VI.

No pope, no bishop, dean, or doctor he,
 The humble presbyter content to be;
 His pious toils were to his brethren lent,
 And in their service spending, he was spent.
 In warning, comforting, reclaiming all,
 He never triumph'd in a brother's fall;
 Conscious himself of his infirmity,
 " The next that falls may be myself, said he,

" I cannot boast, and he who does, will find,

" A fall more dreadful still,—secure an humble mind."

VII.

No rant, no wild enthusiastic fire,
Did him in youth, or riper age inspire.
But cool, dispassionate, and earnest care
To win, and keep the souls to Jesus dear.
Repentance, faith, and holiness be taught,
And humble love, in deed, and word, and thought.
Zealous to check the Pharasaic cant,
And banish pride, by proving all in want
Of something still, nor the least room to boast,
When with the Father fill'd, and Son, and Holy Ghost.

VIII.

A Friend, a *real* friend to England's church,
Nor did he ever leave her in the lurch;
Her sacred rites, and doctrine he held dear,
And prov'd his love, by many a pray'r and tear;
Her base-born sons, her fallen state deplore,
Her desolation mourn, would fain restore,
Her prosp'rous, primitive, and glorious days,
Of the whole earth, make England's church the praise,
While her false friends, to serve *themselves*, we see,
Assume,—intrude upon, th' episcopal degree.

IX.

No innovations found in him a friend,
But firm resistance even to the end.

" Be

- “ Be honest, if you churchmen still would be,
 “ Be honest—shew no base hypocrisy :
 “ Let not non-churchmen reason have to boast,
 “ Or dream, that we our love to her have lost ;
 “ Throw off the *mask*, use no duplicity,
 “ Nor undermine her walls by treachery :
 “ In vain you’ll seek a prelate’s crown to win,
 “ Should you obtain a bishoprick ; by artful fraud or sin.”

X.

- Himself he knew, and strove with pious art,
 The self-abasing knowledge to impart ;
 “ Be not high-minded—fear, yea, always fear,
 “ Yet trust in him whose grace is ever near ;
 “ He’ll not forsake thro’ life ;—when death alarms,
 “ He’ll bear you in his tender fostering arms ;
 “ Support you through, wipe off the parting tear,
 “ And prove to you, as *now* to me, he’s near.
 “ ’Tis mercy all,” the patient sufferer cry’d,
 “ I see, ’tis mercy all !” then clos’d his eyes and died.

XI.

O, may his death a solemn warning be,
 To all mankind,—to thee, my friend,—and me ;
 He was the real friend of *all mankind*,
 Not many equals has he left behind.
 An honest man (who knew his sins forgiven)—
 An honest man, the noblest work of heaven !
 A Christian, re-baptiz’d with holy fire ;
 To be the Christian, was his whole desire :

To

To bear the marks divine his constant cry ;
O, may I live like him thro' life, and like him die.

In his last moments, he received the answer of his
frequent petition, " Let this prayer be answered when we
" turn our faces to the wall," namely,

" In suffering, be thy love my peace,
" In weakness, be thy love my power,
" And, when the storm of life shall cease,
" Jesus! in that important hour,
" In death, as life, be thou my guide,
" And save me, who for me hast died."

He fell asleep the 29th of March 1788.

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